

THE GOSPEL TRAIN.

- 1 God's Car of Salvation is now passing by :
Oh ! who'll go a pilgrimage home to the sky ?
Ye wretched and needy, ye lame and ye blind,
A right hearty welcome on board you will find.
- 2 Our blessed Conductor will help you on board,
And gracious assistance and comfort afford ;
He'll see to your baggage, that nothing be lost,
And grant a through passage without price or cost.
- 3 But see that your treasures are every one given
To Christ, the Conductor, and laid up in Heaven ;
For you and your treasures, at whatever cost,
Must all go together—be saved or be lost.
- 4 Oh come, weary, waiting one, take the first train,
For daylight is passing and night comes again ;
No time to turn homeward to bid friends adieu—
All Heaven is waiting to see this train through.
- 5 No time to turn homeward to bury the dead,
For the train never waits for the funeral tread ;
But dashes right onward and keeps steady pace,
Like a giant determined to win in the race.
- 6 This train has no Depot—no Station up town—
No worldly-wise persons of fame and renown,
Have ever been willing to leave their abode,
And travel with pilgrims this cross-bearing road.
- 7 But down by the highways and hedges beside,
Where the wretched, the poor and the needy abide,
'Tis there this train pauses, and takes her supplies,
Of Pilgrims *en route* for their home in the skies.
- 8 Then onward, right onward, past traffic and trash,
Past Jobbers and Merchantmen scrambling for cash ;
Past tall-steepled churches and high-rented pews,
And loud-sounding organs and close-fisted Jews—
- 9 For none such are wanted, no room on this train
For mixing salvation with ill-gotten gain ;
No traffic in churches, no pews bought and sold,
Nor praying or preaching for silver or gold.
- 10 No room for dame fashion—for ruffles or curls—
For outward adorning, gold, silver or pearls ; [sprees,
No room for Earth's pleasures, Church pic-nics or
E'en though the poor preacher doth pocket the fees.
- 11 No room for indulgence in any known sin,
In Snuff, or Tobacco, in Brandy, or Gin ;
No room for a Mason, Odd Fellow or Knight,
No walking in darkness and calling it light.
- 12 No running to Egypt for barley or corn,
But running to Heaven through tempest and storm ;
On ! On ! through the Battle, the din and the strife,
On ! On ! to the Evergreen Mountains of Life.

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